

# PADDY'S DREAM.



"With my Sprig of Shillalah I'll crack your ould noddle,  
To be wak'd from such Dreaming's the Devil I say."



A much admired Comic Song,

SUNG BY

MR. T. POWER,

of the

*Theatre Royal, Covent Garden*

IN

Born to Good Luck,

BY

GEORGE PEACHEY.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2.

LONDON

Published for the Proprietor by Metzler & Co. Wardour Street, Soho.

Where may be had by the same Author

The Celebrated Comic Song of **MOLLY CREE**, Sung by Mr. Power. 2.



# Paddy's Dream.

VOCE.

ALLEGRO MODERATO SCHERZANDO.

PIANO

FORTE.

*p*

*f* *ff* *Cres*

*f* *ff* *f* *p*

Paddy's Dream.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part features various textures, including chords and moving lines. Dynamics like *p*, *f*, and *Cres* are indicated. The score ends with a double bar line.

In Lon - don one night a - bout three in the morning . In my  
bed wide a - wake fast a - sleep in a doze In a  
loud fit of yawn - ing I fell to a laugh - ing for  
love and good liv - ing dis - turb'd my re - - pose

*p* *f* *p* *Cres* *f*

## Paddy's Dream.



*Rallentando Espressivo.*

Thinks I to my - self I'll just sleep a bit lon - ger A -

*Cres* *f*

*Tempo Primo.*

long to en - joy this beau - ti - ful scene With eyes - wide o - pen I

*Cres* *f*

slept un - til morning When I found it all nothing but on - ly a Dream.

*f* *p*

(SPOKEN) Och such a Vision, there was I up to my elbows in elligant Pastry, up to my eyes in liquor, and over my ears in love whispering soft nonsense to Molly ashtore and

Singing

(CHORUS)

Fal lah lue ful lah lue whack fal de rid - dle Sing

*f* *ff* *p*

Paddy's Dream.

ful lah lue fal lah lue whack ful de ray With my

The first system of the musical score for 'Paddy's Dream'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line. Dynamics include piano (p) and fortissimo (ff).

sprig of She - la - lah I'll sing to your fid - dle To a

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'sprig of She - la - lah I'll sing to your fid - dle To a'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures. Dynamics include piano (p) and fortissimo (ff).

small drop of Whis - key I'll ne - ver say nay.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'small drop of Whis - key I'll ne - ver say nay.' The piano accompaniment features more complex rhythmic patterns in the right hand, including eighth and sixteenth notes. Dynamics include fortissimo (f) and piano (p).

The fourth system of the musical score, which is an instrumental section for the piano. It features a more complex and lively accompaniment with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. Dynamics include fortissimo (ff) and piano (p).

Paddy's Dream.

I dream'd while at home a courting sweet Molly  
 I was eating minced Pies in a Pastry Cook's shop  
 And with love and good liquor was getting so jolly  
 Had you seen me I'm sure you'd have long'd for a drop  
 Such dishes I'd swear never grew in Kilkenny  
 Or before touch'd the lips of poor Paudeen Mc Phane  
 Arrah, troth, could I dream the same night, noon and morning  
 I'd never go back to Kilkenny again.

(*SPOKEN*.) Och such a dream, its only delusion, says Molly it was  
 elligant eating and drinking says I, only let me dream  
 such delusions always waking and sleeping and I'll Sing

(*CHORUS*.) Fu ru lu Philaloo, whack foll de riddle  
 Sing Wirishtrew, Hubaboo, whack fall de ray,  
 With my bit of Shellalah, I'll dance to the Fiddle  
 To a drop of good Whiskey I'd never say nay.

Next night to my bed I went soon in the morning  
 In hopes such another sweet dream to obtain  
 When zounds you'll believe me I dreamed that ould Whackem  
 Was bringing me back to Kilkenny again  
 So I laid me stock still, both trembling and shaking  
 My hair stiff as Pitch forks, stuck out from my head  
 'Till the day light appearing, I bid him good morning  
 And swore he'd ne'er catch me afore I was dead.

(*SPOKEN*.) The first wink of day brought back my courage, so I bawls  
 giving a flourish of the Alpeen only make yourself invisible to  
 my eyes now and see how soon I'll measure you for a new  
 wig, ah faith I'll lend you such a

(*CHORUS*.) Philaloo, Wirishtrew, whack foll de riddle  
 Hubaboo, Clare-aboo, now fire away  
 Wid my sprig of Shellalah I'll crack your ould noddle  
 To be waked from such *dreaming's* the devil I say.

Paddy's Dream.

